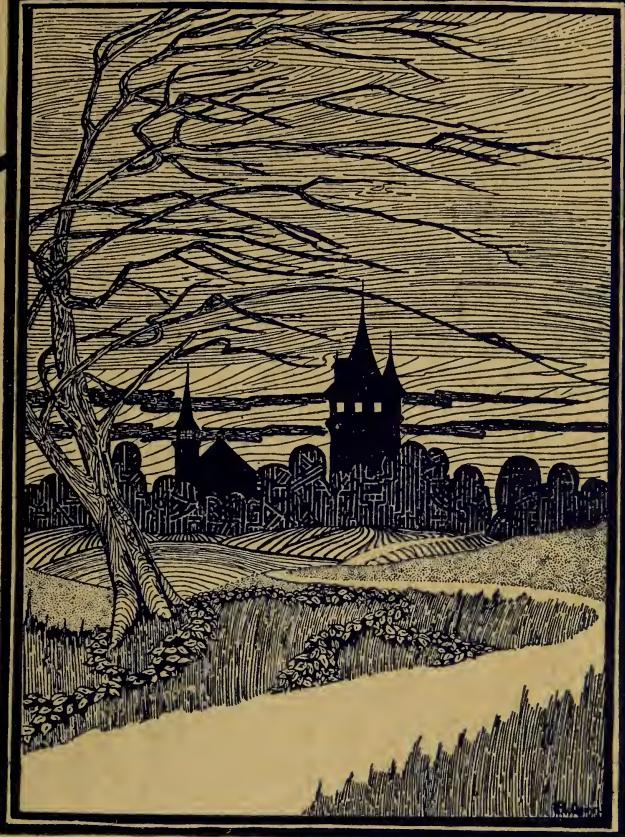


THE CHIMES



SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE ISSUE, 1926

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The Editorial Staff wish to express their sincere appreciation of the voluntary support of the pupils who have submitted material for the CHIMES. We sincerely hope to have a more varied list of contributors. To produce the best possible results, we need the support of the whole school. Show your co-operation by writing something for the school paper.

We wish to thank the Alumni for their interest in our magazine. We also wish to thank the advertisers for their continued financial aid of our school paper.

EDITORIALS



Alexander '26

POETRY

In all creation there is a natural law of rhythm. Mankind as a whole is not possessed of ears rightly attuned to hear the great music of the spheres as they roll through space. The genius of some of our great musical composers, however, has caught the faint echo of it, and has given to the world glorious symphonies to tell us the wonder of their melodies. Our great poets and authors sensed it, and the urge of expression burned within them until poetry was born in the earliest age of civilization. The noblest and bravest deeds of man have been recorded and immortalized by bard, minstrel, and poet through all the ages. The rhythm and swing of poetry is easily memorized by man. Prose, no matter how finely written, is much harder to hold in memory, and for that reason the minds of children receive their first training in memorizing through poetry. This is continued even to the colleges of highest education. Poetry awakens the imagination of the student, first by its sheer beauty of expression, and then by the nobility of the thoughts expressed, or the tenderness which no other form of speech can attain. It conveys to the student a magic that enriches and enables his future years, adding strength and beauty to meet even the humblest tasks. Remembered lines and phrases will give him courage and hope to lighten the dark days of sorrow or adversity which come to all. Our songs, our loves, our devotions and joys are all expressed in this noble form of the written and spoken language. All peoples, even the primitive savage, expressed their dreams and faith in the rhythm of poetry, song, and dance. Scientists predict the perfect man of the future will converse in poetry alone, and perhaps

will even sing it. In the perfection of that day the coarse form of speech now used will be forgotten.

Poetry is the golden stairway leading ever upward; the silver lining to the dark clouds of life; a bright ray from the eternal realms of beauty; the world's greatest expression of its blind groping for a higher existence. It is the music of speech, and is rightly used to express music and song. It is old as the world, and will be with us as long as the world shall last, and perhaps longer. HAZEL G. EATON, '26.

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Not long ago, there met at one of our eastern colleges, a group of men. This group, composed of men who are prominent in high school circles, is known as the Massachusetts High School Athletic Association. To some, the mere mention of the name will convey no meaning, but to others, those followers of high school athletics, the name will have a deep meaning. Every high school student should follow the work of this association, for the Massachusetts High School Athletic Association is the power behind high school athletics in Massachusetts.

The public will probably never know just what took place in this meeting. What the public does know, however, is that the Association debated at length on two proposals for changes in the eligibility qualifications of high school athletics. The first proposal, that the age limit for high school athletics be lowered from twenty years to nineteen years, was lost by a vote of twenty-five to twenty-one. Again, to some, this will have no meaning, but to others it will suggest that slowly, but surely, men are changing their opinions in regard to the age limit rule. A few years ago men were of the opinion that if a player was good enough to make the team, he should be allowed to play regardless of his age or scholastic standing. Public opinion has changed, however. Some men are still in doubt, as the reported vote shows, but if the proposal is brought before the association at some future date, there are those leaders who believe that the proposal will be adopted. It is generally known that there are schools in Massachusetts whose chief aim is to produce winning athletic teams. These teams are mostly composed of athletes hovering around the age limit. These players do not attend school for the purpose of study, but rather for the one purpose of playing on some athletic team. To be sure there are certain scholastic requirements, but up to the present they are low enough to enable players to "squeak by" with very little work. Thinking men are beginning to believe that such conditions ought not to exist.

The proof of this lies in the announcement that the State Association adopted the second proposal for a change in the eligibility qualifications for high school athletics. As a result

the Association will recommend to the executive board that an athlete, in order to be eligible for any team, must be passing in courses having a total scholastic credit value of fifteen points. *True* followers of high school sports are hoping that the executive board will make such a change in the scholastic requirement. They believe that such a change will go a long way toward bettering amateur sports. Better athletics will tend toward better school spirit. Students will be quick to support a team composed of scholars as well as athletes. A change of view among high school students will mean a change in public opinion; and when the public comes to look upon athletics in this light, the future of high school athletics will be assured.

RICHARD WHERITY, '26.

THE VALUE OF COMPETITION

Competition is the only means by which one can estimate his ability, whether in strength, athletics, business or any other activity. A person may over estimate himself or his ability in some line of work. By competing with others he may find out just where he is strong or where he is weak. Then, there are cases where people under estimate themselves. When they are in competition with rivals, their strength is brought out and they gain confidence in themselves. This is what competition is for. No one who has not had any obstacles to overcome has become very great. It is the mastering of difficulties that gives him confidence and strength to overcome greater ones and to make a success. This is why competition between schools is important for successful training.

The value of competition is not less to a person just because he or she is not always victorious. There is a gain just the same. The experience gained through these tests is valuable because it adds much to the strength needed for future triumphs.

Of course, to come out victorious makes a person feel better than to be defeated. This, however, depends very much on the strength of the opponent. If a person or a team is able to beat a supposedly stronger person or team, they have a right to be proud of their achievement if it has been won by fair means. If not, real success has not been achieved.

EDGAR HYLAND, '26.

A PLAYMATE, PROTECTOR AND FRIEND

These three words, *playmate*, *protector* and *friend* point out the real meaning of the word *dog*.

A boy's greatest animal friend is his dog. There isn't any sport but his dog will enter and be proclaimed the winner.

Is your dog faithful? Ask any boy this question and I will lay you ten to one that the answer will be, "You bet he is

faithful. He is my best friend. Of course Ma and Dad come first, but the pup is a close second."

Friend! Your dog is your friend. Are you his? Of course you are. If you are not, why does he run to greet you when you arrive from school?

When you are sad and need to be cheered, does he not prove a friend? When he comes up and teases you to go play with him, you just have to give in to him and go play.

Perhaps you say, "Why be kind to that animal? He doesn't even know what you are talking about if you speak to him."

But when you make that statement you are just fooling yourself. Talk cross to him and watch his ears drop. Does he hang his ears in shame? Not always. The reason usually is that he is sad because you have not proved a faithful friend to him.

Sometimes these friendly animals get lonesome passing the day away without a friend. So at school sometimes into the room will walk a poor lonesome wanderer searching for his master. Do you miss your dog as much as he misses you?

GERTRUDE JONES, '29.

MEMORIES

After swinging open the great iron gate that leads to the garden of our childhood days, we sit on the old rustic bench and give ourselves up to thought. There under that old apple tree still hangs the old swing over which many a battle was fought. Over there in the little summer house still hang the little pots and pans, and in the corner sits the stove all covered with rust. There by the door sits faithful Fido with the sawdust coming from his shoulder. Behind the summer house is the little garden of Nature's own blossoms. See, despite the overgrown weeds some of them are pushing their heads bravely through to light; for the spring is calling them. Down here by the little brook, still clear and sparkling, we built great ships and loaded them with brave pioneers to sail the race over the falls below. Through the misty haze we watch while the memories of our childhood days flit past, bringing laughter and sorrow. DOROTHY HAMMOND, '26

FAVORITE SONGS

"Ten Best Steppers" at Scituate High School

Roger Kenny — "W-W-What, No Women!"

Vivian Newcomb — "Sleepy Time Gal."

Dick Wherity — "That Certain Party."

Irma Hobson — "Kitten On The Keys."

Lydia Stearns — "She's Just a Sailor's Sweetheart."

Paul Quinn — "Oh, How I've Waited for You."

Loretta W. — "Walking Home with Josie."

Sally — "Cradle Snatchers."

W. Stone — "When Do We Dance?"

Louis Panetta — "Five Foot Two."

THERE IS ROOM AT THE TOP

Do not leave the wonderful avenue of education too soon. The pupils who leave school as soon as the sixth grade is reached (for this is as far as the law compels them to go) have no future in store for them. They leave the avenue of great things and good education to become machinery, to do manual labor. Think what a good education would be given to them if they only had foresight enough to plan their future. The pupil who leaves school when high school is reached, goes from the avenue of education to the alley of Small Hope of a Future. Some may enter trade schools and use the small chance left to them; but why not go to the end of the avenue of education. It takes but a little more work to become an engineer, business executive or member of some profession. Why not take advantage of the education which is given away at the cost of the state? The higher a person goes in educational training the fewer people he has to compete with. Do not be discouraged; there is always room at the top.

GRETCHEN SCHUYLER, '28.



EDITORIAL BOARD

LITERARY

DREAMS

The ponderous clock in the great dim library had just struck four, and now the tiny jewelled clock in Madame's boudoir faintly chimed its echo.

Madame, reclining on her silken couch, tossed aside the novel she had been reading, yawned daintily and stretched her slim white arms. Then, leaning gracefully on one elbow, she parted the curtains and looked out. The rain was beating monotonously against the window pane, and across the street the solemn gray houses rose gloomy and silent.

Madame's carefully rouged lips puckered and her daintily penciled eyebrows contracted ever so slightly.

Madame was bored. This state of mind, in fact, was not an unusual thing for Madame, who found almost everything, including life, a bore. At this moment an especially tattered umbrella came unsteadily down the street. Beneath it two unusual rubbers were barely visible. These rubbers were not at all like ordinary rubbers because one was brown and the other black. Nor was this their only difference. The black one fitted snugly to the little shoe; while the brown one flapped up and down, splashing in and out of puddles, giving its owner much discomfort.

Suddenly the umbrella tilted dangerously to one side and Madame could see the pale, troubled face of a little girl.

A strand of wet hair was blown across one cheek,—hair which if it had had half the care of Madame's own carefully marcelled locks, would have drawn forth admiration even from the critical lips of Madame herself.

As the child came nearer, the unruly brown rubber despaired of being able to stay on the shoe so many sizes smaller than itself, and it remained behind in a puddle. The little girl, clinging to the umbrella, poised precariously on the edge of the sidewalk and tried to push a diminutive foot into the refractory rubber. But as she gave an impatient thrust, both she and the umbrella toppled over and lay in a crumpled little heap in the gutter.

Suddenly Madame sat upright and touched a silver bell at her side. Immediately Celeste, trim in her frilled white cap and apron, appeared.

"Madame?" she asked politely.

"Tell Saunders to bring in that child," Madame commanded briefly, pointing to the rain-soaked bundle of rags out in the street.

"Yes, Madame." And Celeste disappeared.

Saunders made his way carefully to avoid soiling his well-polished shoes, and he gingerly attempted to separate umbrella from child, which he carried up the gray stone steps and into the long shadowy hall.

There Saunders left her and made a hasty departure to other realms. His usually calm and unruffled countenance was disturbed and his spotless uniform stained with mud. As he disappeared, Madame glided down the curved stairway and found the pitiful little figure standing where Saunders had left her. Water dripped down from the faded hat to her worn coat and splashed in little pools on the polished floor. Tears overflowed her brown eyes and mingled with the rain drops on her face.

Madame realized that she had done an extraordinary thing. But then Madame was always doing extraordinary things at the most extraordinary times. It was the one pleasure she derived from life. Now she stood looking at the forlorn little child, trying to decide what to do with her. Obviously Saunders would have nothing to do with her. Madame had smiled to herself as she saw Saunders bringing in the child in his arms.

Her thoughts were rudely interrupted by sobs which were shaking the frail form of the little tot. Madame hesitated a brief moment; then did another extraordinary thing.

She said, "Come with me," and took the cold, dirty little hand in her soft, white one. Thus she led her unusual guest up the stairs.

The brown eyes opened wide at the door of Madame's boudoir, for doubtless it was the most beautiful scene that had ever met the little stranger's gaze.

Her attention, however, was held by one object, and all else lost its glory in comparison. Nor was it any wonder that this was the first thing to arrest her attention; for it occupied the place of honor in Madame's room. It was a beautiful Spanish doll reclining in state beside her dressing table. This was Madame's latest fad,—as it was of all the society women.

The costume of this doll was as expensive as one of Madame's own. It was complete to the minutest detail, from the exquisitely curled hair to the jeweled bracelets on her arm and the tiny silver buckles on her velvet slippers with their miniature French heels.

An amused smile crept around Madame's lips as she watched first the surprise, then the longing grow in the eyes of the child. Hardly realizing what she was doing, Madame crossed the room, and lifting the doll from its splendor, placed it in the eager arms of the little girl. She opened her lips to speak, but instead she turned, shrugged her slim shoulders and rang for Celeste. Celeste appeared almost magically at the door. She saw the pathetic little figure so out of harmony with the luxurious apartment; she saw the Spanish doll, crushed in the embrace of the strange child; but she did not express the least sign of surprise. Celeste had learned from experience never to show surprise at anything Madame did or said.

"Celeste."

"Yes Madame."

"Get some dry clothing for that child."

"But, Madame, there is no —"

"I said find some dry clothing for that child," repeated Madame, waving her hand imperiously. Celeste knew better than to contradict Madame; so she turned and left the room.

One would form an entirely different opinion of Celeste could he see her outside of Madame's presence. She was no longer compelled to conceal her feelings and she expressed them with no uncertainty.

She muttered something about the foolish whims of idle people as she tripped up the stairs toward the attic. This attic was not one that would delight anybody but Madame. It was not a friendly, inviting attic but a cold formal one. Everything was in perfect order. Not a cobweb, not a speck of dust was in evidence anywhere. Each trunk and each box sat solemnly in its assigned place.

Celeste went straight to a small worn trunk standing unobtrusively in a corner, and kneeling before it impatiently, she thrust back the lid. A delightful fragrance of June roses escaped and pervaded the dim attic. Celeste sniffed with a dainty nose as she turned over the folded garments within, which had lain there untouched for years. Now Celeste, with ruthless fingers, disturbed their long sleep and peaceful dreams. Hastily selecting a few dresses, she slammed the trunk closed and descended.

As Celeste reentered Madame's room, her face again assumed that imperturbable mask.

Madame was standing by the window amusedly watching the little girl's delight. It was a new experience to her, for she had never closely observed children before.

When Celeste came in, that delicate odor of roses reached Madame, and she felt as if she were in a dream with Celeste and the child afar off. Only faintly did she hear Celeste persuading the little girl to go with her.

The room seemed filled with roses,—lovely fragrant June roses, whose perfume intoxicated Madame. Mechanically she raised the window beside her and a cool damp air blew in. Madame looked out, but she did not see the rain, nor the houses. No, a flood of memories that she had believed were dead long ago and their ashes hidden away in her heart. Suddenly burst into flame and warmed her cold heart.

She was again a little girl with curly brown hair and an eager happy face. It was June. She was again in the rose garden with her mother, and that mother had the same cold, expressionless features that Madame now bore. They were saying good-bye, and little did Madame realize then that she was bidding farewell to her childhood, her happy carefree childhood. Her mother was telling her that she must go

away to become a well-mannered young lady and she must put away her childish notions. Foolish caprices her mother called them. Yes, Madame had once been a weaver of dreams, beautiful magic dreams.

There were tears in her eyes then; for those fancies she had woven were a part of her, a living, joyful part. Now she was leaving them all. She must fold them away in the rose-scented corners of her memory as she had folded away her beloved dresses in the little trunk in the attic.

Thus that day she began her education as a lady, as her mother defined it. And Madame soon fulfilled her mother's expectations. She forgot her dreams, her dear whimsical fancies, forgot them as she had the little trunk in the attic. For Madame was beautiful, charming and rich, the three requisites for success in the world. Then, just as her mother had planned, Madame married a rich man,—for his money, not for love, no, that was not necessary. So Madame's mother believed, and so Madame herself had then believed.

After marriage her husband had buried himself in business, the business of making money for Madame to spend. And of course, Madame knew how to spend it for that was a part of her education.

However, there were things Madame could not purchase for money.

The cold rain blowing in against her face brought Madame back to the present, and she closed the window, with a little shiver, drawing the silken negligee closer about her white shoulders.

Celeste now returned with the child, and even Madame could not conceal her surprise at the change in her appearance. Her hair, still damp, clung in little ringlets around her pale face. Her eyes, though now sweetly serious, held a hint of laughter in their depths, and an impish dimple lurked in the corners of her rosy lips. The soft pink of the old-fashioned dress with its quaint ruffles and tiny full skirt completed the picture.

Madame gave a startled cry. Where had she seen that same little child before? Ah! Yes, she remembered now. This was the same little dream girl she had had years before. The little dream girl that had lived in the white cottage on the hillside where Madame had once planned to live. Madame had forgotten all about that child of her dreams.

She dismissed Celeste and, sitting down on a low stool, she drew the little girl towards her.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Rosalie," the child answered simply.

"Won't your mother be waiting for you, Rosalie?"

"I have no mother. She died last year." Here the baby lips quivered and tears welled into the brown eyes.

"I live with Auntie now," she finished bravely, "but Auntie doesn't love me."

Madame did not know what to say. She was not accustomed to talking with children.

Suddenly Rosalie flung the Spanish doll's face downward on the floor and ran into Madame's arms. She flung her arms impulsively around Madame's neck.

"I love you, I love you," she sobbed. "You're so good to me."

"Love me?" repeated Madame with that hollow little laugh that had taken years to acquire.

It was the first time a child had ever spoken those words to Madame.

Madame put her arms around the little figure and caressed the soft curls resting on her shoulder.

"Would you like to live with me?" she found herself asking."

"O, yes, please let me, please. I don't want to go back to auntie. She won't care," begged Rosalie.

Madame's arms tightened around the trembling form and her eyes were misty with unshed tears.

The rain beat unceasingly outside and the soft gray shadows of twilight stole into the room, enshrouding the two figures sitting together before the friendly flames.

That evening Madame spoke to her husband across the table, gleaming in the soft candle light.

"I am going to adopt a child."

"Adopt a child?" He looked questioningly up at Madame and gave a crooked little smile, if it could be called a smile.

"Another fad? Well, go ahead, I don't care."

Madame smiled to herself but said nothing.

But if her husband had been a little more observant, a little less absorbed in his business, he would have seen a new Madame. He would have realized that no rouge could bring that blush to Madame's cheek, no interest in any passing whim could bring that glint of happiness to her eyes.

He could have also noticed when she laughed it was no longer a hollow meaningless laugh; it was the echo of the true happiness of Madame's heart.

But then he did not know either of Madame's dreams. He did not know that somewhere in her heart an echo had come back, the echo of a wish uttered long ago. It was a lilting happy echo filled with the fancies and laughter of youth that had awakened in Madame's heart the dreams that had for so long lain there forgotten.

HELEN HEALY, '26.

MY RETREAT

When life seems full of sorrow,
Of hardships, and of pain,
I seek my peaceful hilltop
Till courage comes again.

ANNA HEALEY, '28.



SENIOR CLASS

LIFE AS A DREAM

Floating on high like a cloud
Drifting below like a stream,
Floating, drifting, God only knows where
Isn't life just like a dream?

Flying above the soft clouds,
Gazing below by the stream;
The songs of birds oft' I've heard,
While thinking on life as a dream.

Watching the clouds floating by,
One of God's wonderful scenes;
All in a blue azure sky,
Isn't life made up of dreams?

H. PEPPER, '28.

MY SHIP

My little ship will soon put out,
Alone on Life's great ocean;
I leave behind the friendly shore,
For wave's uncertain motion.

I am the pilot and the crew,
The captain and the bo'sun;
I'll cross alone the billowing seas
As I shall take the notion.

Far out on Life's unchartered wave
Adventure calls and daring;
And youth seeks aye a cargo fine
In hold, when homeward faring.

Across the blue, a valiant speck,
My standard white is flying;
No mortal foe shall haul it down
Till I be dead or dying.

The stars shine on my sail so white,
The moon-drenched sea below,
The kindly heavens arching night,
Befriend me as I go.

Ah, never must I pause, or wait,
In some far mart when trading;
Or list to loreleis on the rocks
Their golden tresses braiding.

Should pirates bold cross o'er the main,
To bring my ship disaster,
For quarter, soon upon by deck
They'd kneel to me, their master.

But should I meet a sister ship
In sore distress, I'm thinking
I'd lower sail, and lend a hand
To save her crew from sinking.

I'd rescue storm-tossed mariners,
That on lone isles are stranded,
And clothe and feed, tho' scant my store,
Till all are safely landed.

And should my ship come sailing home,
In hold no golden cargo,
I'll sleep in peace, if one shall say
Mine was a friendly Bark-oh.

AN EVENING AT HOME

The Jones family was comfortably seated for a quiet evening at home, or so it looked. Mr. Jones was tuning in on the radio. Mrs. Jones was reading the evening paper, and Margaret, the oldest daughter, was doing Latin. The other three members of the family, Jane, Betty, and Bob, were discussing a seemingly exciting event that had happened at school that day.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Margaret at last, "can't you kids keep still for one minute! How do you think I can do Latin with you all talking at once. Won't you *please* go in the other room."

The "kids" had no idea of going in the other room and kept up their conversation, louder than ever. This was too much for Margaret. She threw her Latin book with a loud bang on the table and started to leave the room.

"There's never any peace in this house with those kids around. I wish we could have one *quiet* evening."

"Margaret, dear," said mother sternly, "you must learn to control your temper. I don't think you've had enough sleep lately. You get all worked up over the least little thing. If the children bother you, you will have to go in the other room to do your Latin."

Margaret left the room, but not with her Latin. She went to the piano and started playing. Margaret was really a good piano player, but when she was angry her playing was indeed unbearable to listen to.

"Margaret," said father after a few minutes of this, "you will have to stop playing now, I guess, because I want to get the Symphony Orchestra tonight."

"Oh, daddy," exclaimed Margaret, "I've *got* to do my practicing. Can't you miss the orchestra for just *one* night? Please daddy."

"Can't you practice any other time besides now?"

"No, because I take my lesson tomorrow, and I haven't got my practicing for today finished yet. I want to have a good lesson."

"Well, I'll let it go this time. But remember that after this you will have to do your practicing after school."

"All right. Thanks, Daddy," said Margaret as she returned to her practicing again.

In the meanwhile father gave a long, deep sigh, took up a magazine and sat down with another sigh.

"Daddy," said Betty, "what's 14×3 ?"

"What? Oh yes. Forty-two, I guess."

"And what's $1/3$ of a hundred?"

"Oh, thirty-three and a third."

"Hey, dad, where's Berlin?" said Bob, who was doing geography.

"In Germany," said father impatiently.

"Margaret," Jane called out. "You'll have to stop practicing now because I haven't done my violin practicing."

"I haven't finished yet; so you'll have to wait," said Margaret.

"Mother, make Margaret stop playing. I've got to practice just as much as she has."

"Yes, Margaret, you'll have to stop now. Jane has to go to bed pretty soon. You can practice later," said mother.

"Wait a minute. I've got to finish this exercise."

"Margaret, what did I tell you? Stop playing this instant!"

"Yes, mother," said Margaret.

Jane had not been practicing more than ten minutes when the door bell rang. Betty and Bob both ran for the door but mother appeared.

"Children," she said, "go and sit down. I think it's Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Sargent. What would they think of your manners? Betty, go and tell Jane to put up her violin. Mrs. Barnes doesn't like violins anyway."

When mother had opened the door, all four had seated themselves in chairs, reading a book or doing school work.

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Barnes. "I hope you don't mind our stopping in. Our radio is out of order and I thought you'd have the Symphony Orchestra on."

"I'm so glad you came," said mother. "We were just going to get the Symphony Orchestra. Come right in and sit down!"

After all the children had exchanged greetings father turned the radio on and mother and her company began to talk of household matters.

"Mrs. Jones," Mrs. Sargent was saying. "What a lovely little family you have,—so quiet and well-mannered. You must have lovely quiet evenings."

"Yes," said mother simply.

CAROLYN POLAND, '29.

THE CALL OF SPRING

Just about when the "peepers" in the thawing swamps begin their shrill piping, and green tips of the earliest spring plant,—skunk's cabbage,—are forcing their way through, near the banks of some over-flowing brook-stream;—just about the time when the first bluebird's liquid, plaintive call can be heard over greening fields;—then is when that ardent, passionate longing to be free, "to live in the open" encroaches upon the heart of every nature-lover.

Ask the dreaming nature-lover what he is thinking about at this time, and he will say,—"Speckled trout in a rushing, cold stream; hip rubber-boots; a trout-fly and rod;—and even better: A worn, ghostly-looking tent, amid encircling, purplish twilight-gloom; the sweet, wafting odor from the vivid, birch-wood campfire. And — ummm — the sizzling of speckled beauties in the piping-hot spider;— ummm — fried trout for supper!" LYDIA STEARNS, '26.

THE HAVEN OF SAFETY

He was only a wee, little curly-haired tot,
 But he wondered and wondered an awful lot.
 He had often wondered, had Anthony Lee,
 Why the birds couldn't talk and the trees couldn't see.

Why the river kept moving with never a rest,
 How the ships were kept up on the ocean's broad breast,
 And more than all else why he couldn't fly
 Just once, up to play on a cloud in the sky.

Then one summer's evening little Anthony Lee
 As usual crawled up on his nurse's soft knee.
 "Let us talk secrets, Nana," he said,
 And Nana bent down to kiss the wee head.

"Tell me the things that I like to know
 About the birds, the ships, the rain, and the snow."
 After she'd told him ever so much,
 He patted her face with a light wistful touch.

"Nana mine, can't I ever play on a cloud?
 I'd be ever so good and you'd be ever so proud
 To think that your Tony was up in the sky.
 Nana, dearest Nana, why do you sigh?"

"Hush, Tony mavourneen, you never can run
 Up to the sky. You'd be scorched by the sun
 And when it was time for you to come back
 Nana would not know Tony. He would be all black."

"Still, Nana dear, someday I surely may go
 Far out on the ocean and be rocked to and fro.
 I may play with the fishes and dance with waves.
 And dive with the mermaids down to their caves?"

"Tony! Tony! childy, you mustn't talk thus,
 You frighten poor Nana into a terrible fuss.
 You'd be caught in the sea weed and struggle in vain.
 And Nana would never see Tony again."

"Well, Nana, I've been to Dreamland before
 So I think that I'll go there perhaps just once more.
 You won't be afraid because you've been there, too.
 You can't be afraid now; isn't that true?"

"Yes, loved one, yes, yes. Go to sleep on my arm.
 Nana will watchfully guard you from harm.
 Be polite to the sand-man. Hurry or you will be late
 And don't forget to knock gently on Dreamland's gold gate."

JEAN LAWSON, '26.



JUNIOR CLASS

THE CALL OF THE SEA

A cool wind blows from the east tonight
 And naught is calm or still,
 It ruffles the crests of the waves so white,
 And rustles the leaves on the hill.
 It gently sways through the birches slim,
 And whispers them secrets low;
 It stirs in my head dear memories dim
 And bids me to up and go;
 So I must follow my spirit bold
 And answer the call of the sea
 'Cross the moonlight path of gleaming gold
 Where the blue waves call to me,
 Where a pale light gleams on the distant shore
 Through the purple mists afar,
 Where from far above the ocean's roar
 Looks down the evening star.
 So I must leave my home and all
 To whither I know not where
 To simply answer the east wind's call
 And take up the sea's wild dare.

HELEN HEALEY, '26.

THE GAME OF LIFE

An old, tarnished lamp made a circle of dull, uncertain light in the center of the low room. Around the square table huddled four men, their faces blotched and indistinct in the wavering glow of the lamp, their dark-clad backs abruptly outlined against the light. The rest of the room was filled with obscure, massive forms. One sensed the rough-hewn beams, the dark boards, the splintery, uneven floor, indistinct in the shadows. In one corner was the dim bulkiness of some old secretary, and in another a row of bottles which caught the gleam of the lamp and reflected it. The men about the table were silent. They played their cards tensely.

Suddenly one of the men leaned back in his chair and laughed. Then he bent forward into the light, taking from his pocket a small gold watch, and laying it face up on the table. His features were clean-cut and slightly irregular. His hair was dark and thick. He smiled as he pointed at the watch, and raised his eyes. His eyes were dark and unfathomable; his smile lighted up his lean face and gave it a fascinating and reckless charm.

"Till quarter past," he cried, his voice pleasant and refined. "I will not quit, a winner. Till quarter past, and you may gain from me."

He laughed again as he put the watch back into his pocket and gathered up the cards. A happy, boyish, lovable laugh, as one might laugh when he has run hard against the wind or felt the salt spray in his face and found it good. As he leaned forward, the light flared up and showed the weakness of that young face, — the joy of taking a chance, the joy of gambling.

For the boy had inherited his father's love of playing the game, of flying in the face of all things, and of taking a chance. In him was the reckless, daring blood of gypsies wandering over the country side, of pirates sailing unknown seas in their white-winged vessels, even of the soldiers of the cross, advancing in search of the Holy Grail, braving all hardships and taking a chance, the wonderful, inspiring chance of winning, winning against all odds, overcoming all handicaps. It was that which drove them on, gypsies, pirates, knights; that which made their blood tingle beneath their tanned skins; that which sent them so proudly and joyfully on, ever on. It is not the gain that counts; it is the risk of losing, the chance of winning.

The boy's mother knew. Had she not combatted it in his father, confronted it bravely, tried to keep them alive and comfortable when all was gone, attempted to save when there was plenty, for the next hard place? For there would always be another hard place. As long as the boy's father lived, there would be hard places, times when he had lost, and he would come home tired and discouraged to find sympathy and love beside his own hearth. Yes, Mary Gordon knew. She

DAVID MONROE, GENTLEMAN

It had always been impressed on David Monroe that he must be a gentleman. His mother would say, "If you are going to be a gentleman, David, you can't do that." And Delia, the maid, would chant at him, "Gentlemen don't do that, Master Davie." So for the six years of David's little life his one desire had been, naturally, to be a gentleman. Many times his mother had told him that gentlemen were always kind and ready to help people; that they were never rude; that they were never afraid. Yet David was terribly afraid of the dark and of tramps. But he was never rude and was a very kind-hearted little fellow.

There was one thing David hated and that was to hear a woman cry. It gave him a pain in his chest and sometimes he could hardly breathe. When Delia had lost her ring which the Irving's chauffeur had given her, David had found her crying in the butler's pantry. Of course, David shouldn't have been in the butler's pantry at all, but how could he help it when he'd heard Delia crying so heart-brokenly. He had pushed the swinging door open and had stood there, a tiny boy with a great crown of the blackest hair falling in little ringlets all over his head. He had seen Delia at the other end of the pantry and had thought of the long distance of forbidden territory he must cover to reach her. But where there was a woman in distress, David never hesitated; so his sturdy legs in their rumpled socks had started bravely toward her. The pantry had seemed longer than ever and every plate had shaken a reproving finger at him as if to say, "You know you shouldn't be in here, David." But the lion-hearted bottle opener had nodded encouragingly to him from its place on the wall.

"Go on, Davie, it's a lady in distress!" David always had liked the bottle opener. At last there had been only five more boards in the pantry floor before Delia would be reached. David had heaved a sigh of relief. The anxiety had been awfully trying; for any minute he had expected to hear his mother's voice bidding him come out of the pantry instantly.

"What are you crying for, Delia?" David had thought it best to waste no time but to get to the bottom of the matter quickly. He had leaned against the copper sink confidentially and had crossed his feet. Delia had started and had

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Master David, you mustn't be in the pantry. Your mother wouldn't like it. She'd be awfully cross, Master David." David had made a little face, wrinkling up his nose.

"Don't be silly, Delia, I always help people that are unhappy. Mother told me I should. You see, gentlemen always do and I'm trying to be a gentleman, Delia. So what is it that makes you cry?"

Well, the upshot of the matter had been that Delia had told David that she had lost her ring, and David had given Delia his mother's very best gold ring with the emerald in it. But Delia, with great fore-thought, had returned the ring to Mrs. Monroe, who made the loss up to Delia in her salary. Everyone liked David immensely. His mother's friends, on seeing him, would exclaim, "How darling," "Simply adorable," or "Too sweet" and his father's friends would pat him on the head and say, "A perfect little gentleman." But way down in his heart, David knew that he could not be a gentleman while he was afraid of tramps and the dark.

Then one night when David was tucked into bed in his nursery and his mother bent down to kiss him, he noticed how tired she looked. She had been shopping all day and her face was drawn and pale. Slipping his arms around her neck, he frowned disapprovingly.

"You're terribly tired tonight; aren't you, mother? You shouldn't have gone to the theatre last night." He kissed her, hugging her gently. "I'd go to bed soon if I were you."

It was late, after midnight, when David awoke. He lay in bed listening when a sound came to him from downstairs. Could it be his father? No, because his father had called up to him long ago that "mother and daddy were going to bed now." Finally, crawling out of bed, David started down the wide carpeted stairs. It was frightfully dark. In every corner a hobgoblin beckoned to him and the grandfather clock, standing on the bend of the stairs, looked down benignly on the wee, white pajama'd figure clutching the mahogany railing. The pictures swayed and whispered eerily, "Go back, Davie dear, it is late, so late. It is long past midnight, Davie." As he reached the last stair, the grandfather clock struck one.

"Careful, Davie."

He could hear very clearly now a dull scraping and heavy

had learned its meaning when a young bride. And when her baby came, she prayed that he might not have the love of gambling; for she knew that for every bit of joy there were hours of heartache. Mary Gordon knew the joy of taking a chance at times. She knew the value of a touch of it in one's heart, but she also knew the despair and the ruin to the man who is obsessed by it. As her boy grew, Mary Gordon saw with fear that Kenneth Gordon was like his father. And she knew in her mother heart that nothing could change him. She saw him always the first to try the half-frozen ice on the pond. She saw him always ready to climb the tallest, frailest tree; always ready to swim farthest from the shore when dared by any comrade. She watched his face as he played marbles, his glee as he picked his gain from the dirt. His mother saw these things with a sinking feeling in her heart, yet she was helpless.

People called Mary Gordon a strong-willed woman, cold and distant. They did not know Mary Gordon and what she felt in her suffering heart, the love that she, who had never known brothers or parents, lavished, on her only child. Mary Gordon was forced to be strong-willed. She loved her husband, she soon learned his weaknesses, and she did all in her power to help him. She did not try to reform him. She did not reprove him. She understood and bravely did what she could to be a true partner and to protect him from himself. In those long, hard years Mary Gordon must have become strong, must have learned to keep her fears and troubles from the world. Yet she was happy. She loved her home, her husband, her baby. Life was hard, but it brought much joy to Mary Gordon.

The night that Kenneth told her of his engagement was dull and weary, with a cold wind and a hint of snow in the air. She was frying steak for supper when he came in, tall and boyishly good-looking. He tried to be nonchalant. He came over and patted her shoulder.

"Steak tonight?" he said. "That's good. It's cold out."

Mary looked up at him and smiled.

"By the way, Marg. and I've decided to hit it off."

Mary stopped on the way from the stove to the table. Engaged? Her boy? Was he going to leave her? No, no, she could not let him go.

"She's a nice kid, Mumsy."

He always called her the name he had as a child, when anything happened, good or bad.

She recognized the pleading, almost hurt tone in his voice. She finished the trip to the table and said calmly, though her tongue seemed caught in her throat and her heart beat madly in her breast, "Yes, Ken, she's a dear girl."

Thus she spoke, calmly, smilingly, though she felt stifled and unreal. She never knew afterward how she got the supper, and kept up a conversation about trivial things.

When the last dish was dried and put away, and Ken gone for the evening, she unseeingly walked into his room. She smoothed the cover of his bed fondly. As she raised her eyes, she saw a poem cut from a magazine that he had pinned on the wall. "The Joy of Life." Mechanically she read.

"The games in the playing,
And, losing or winning,
The fun's in essaying
Your bravest and best,
In taking your chance
While Fate's wheel is spinning
And backing your fancies
With nerve and with zest."

The words beat upon her heart and stamped themselves on her brain. She went out of the room and closed the door. Burton Gordon sat with his paper reading the stock reports. Mary sat down and took her mending. Her boy married. Gone — gone? Her boy who knew nothing of life, much less of marriage. Oh, he did not understand its meaning. She must tell him, tell him it was not a mere happiness, tell him of the trials he would meet. Oh, her boy, her own boy, gone — .

As the days passed, Mary Gordon rallied her habitual common sense and power to face things squarely, and with a smile overcame and numbed her grief. She worked like a slave in making her son remember his last days at home as his happiest. She made all his favorite dishes and hung over him until he grew boyishly resentful of such display of affection. She told herself over and over that someday it must have come; that all nestlings spread their wings and fly away; that she was so glad it was a girl like Margaret Clark and not someone like Madge Evans. But all the time in the back of her brain the words were beating feverishly again and again. "He is going away. My boy's going away." And still more unconsciously the fiery brand of the words glowed, "The game's in the playing, and losing or winning, in taking a chance while Fate's wheel is spinning."

The day of Ken's first wedding anniversary was warm and exhilarating; one of those rare and lovely days that brings the first hint of spring; when there is still a trace of snow on the ground and the frozen earth fast yields to the friendly sun. Mary Gordon's day had been long and full as all her days were, and she welcomed the quiet and solitude of the night. She was alone, sitting in her small kitchen with her mending, and thinking of that day a year ago. The spring breeze had now risen to the boisterousness of a March wind, bringing with it great, black clouds and cold torrents of rain.

The great clock chimed twelve. The contended cat lay beneath the stove, one eye blinking up at his mistress; the tea

kettle suddenly began to lend its music to the purring of the cat as the fire flickered up in one last glow. A great gust of wind disturbed the stillness, rattling the windows and beating the rain against the panes. As the wind thrust its force against the house, it seemingly opened the door wide and blew in a young girl. She stood huddled against the door, a dark cape billowing around her, wet wisps of hair across her cheek. Mary Gordon needed to glance only once at the young face. Father, son, the same traits from generation to generation, as deeply entrenched as the roots of great oak in the soil, as much a part of them as any other thing in their life. And while the girl stood uncertain, Mary Gordon opened her arms wide and received her son's wife. The barrier of reserve which the girl had never dared to cross was broken down; the sympathy that Mary Gordon had never known how to show was given in a sweet impulse of understanding. In a few words she told her own poor story and spoke words of encouragement to keep up the fight and to play the game.

The great clock chimed one. A half-dead coal sprang into living, brightening the two still forms, one, a woman with the sad, sweet lines of experience and trouble on her face, rocking to and fro, her hand on the bent head of a young girl kneeling beside her.

H. L. W., '26.



THOUGHTS BY A BROOK

Now its waters softly purling
Now impetuously hurling
 Into space.
Never hesitating in the palpitating, breathless, frantic scurry
 of the race.
Never thinking, never knowing
Whence it came, or whence 'tis going,
Yet perpetually rushing ever onward in the flight
Yet perpetually gushing with a noisy delight
How it rumbles, how it tumbles
Over restless, glossy stones!
How it plunges, how it lunges
O'er reluctant, mossy stones!
How merrily they search out every nook,
The whirling, swirling waters of the brook!

Like the brook, mad youth is striving,
And as rashly onward driving
 In the race.

Never hesitating in the palpitating, heedless, hectic hurry of
 the pace.
How the striving mob is surging
How the motley crowd is merging
Into one great throbbing, struggling and precipitating mass,
Into one great frantic, frenzied and accumulating mass!
How they hurry in the scurry
To attain a futile aim!
How they hustle, how they bustle
To pursue elusive Fame!
How they eat out heart and soul,
How they struggle and cajole,
In a desperate desire to drain the bowl!

The thoughtless brook has left the hills
And reached the low far-stretching plain,
Advancing with a slow and steady sweep into the sea.
Thus sweet maturity fulfills
This life, and seeks true goals again,
Benignly moving toward a calm and fair eternity.

H. L. W., '26.

breathing as of someone working hurriedly. Not a person moved in the sleeping house. David was horribly frightened. His heart beat furiously and his knees felt wobbly, but he managed to reach the door from which the noise was coming. He grasped the portiere and stood looking into the room. Two men were kneeling before his father's safe, one holding a flashlight while the other was busily at work. Neither of them saw David until a childish voice spoke softly, "You are burglars, aren't you?" The man holding the flashlight snapped it out and turned sharply, uttering a low exclamation.

"How in the devil did you get here?"

David laughed nervously. "I was asleep in my nursery and heard you." He shook his head. "You're very poor burglars, you know. You make so much noise. Burglars are not supposed to make noise! But will you please go now. I'd like to go to sleep again. If you're ready, I'll show you to the door."

The man who had been working got to his feet.

"Wait a minute, son. We ain't goin' quite yet. You be a good boy and keep still or we'll have to hurt ya, do ya hear?"

David took a step backward. "If you don't go now, I'm afraid I must call my father. He can hear me very easily. And you won't hurt me because you're bigger than I am; gentlemen don't hurt people smaller than themselves, Mother said so. But perhaps you didn't know that." He nodded his head, his voice rambling on softly. "Yes, that's the trouble. You just didn't know, or you wouldn't have said you'd hurt me."

The men looked at each other. Then one spoke.

"We'd better get. If the kid yells, he'll bring the house down on us. Anyhow, we've got another job to do tonight. Come on." He bent over and collected the tools. David watched them and when they were ready to go, he started toward the front door.

"No, sonny, I guess not tonight. We'll go out the way we came in."

As the first man dropped out of sight, the second one straddled the window sill. He almost jumped; then hesitated.

"One thing more, sonny. Burglars ain't really gentlemen."

David's forehead drew into a puzzled frown and he bit his lip. In an instant his face brightened.

"Oh yes, they are. Anyone can be a gentleman that honestly wants to. Didn't your mother ever tell you that?"

The man smiled whimsically. "You sure are a queer little guy." And swinging his leg over the sill, he disappeared. David closed the window and standing on a chair, carefully locked it. The moonlight lay in a silver path across the living room rug and here and there flecks of stray silver danced.

Somehow David no longer felt afraid of the dark. Hopping off the chair, he ran down the hall and climbed the stairs again. As he passed, the pictures swayed and whispered eerily. "You're a gentleman, Davie dear, a gentleman," and the grandfather clock, striking the half hour, boomed forth proudly, "You're a gentleman, David, a gentleman."

JEAN LAWSON, '26.

THE WINTER SEA

There is ice upon the water,
And the winds so strongly blow.
While the frosty air is dotted,
With the steady falling snow.

Now the waves grow rough and restless,
And the boats are pitched and tossed,
Now the boats are almost hidden,
By the sleet, which sweeps across.

The scene is dark as night almost,
The sky o'ercast and gray,
And the ships are ornamented
With the frozen rain and spray.

C. P. CHASE, '28.

THE STORM

The skies darken;
The winds roar;
The sea birds cry
O'er the dreary shore.

The trees sway;
The lightning flashes;
The rain falls;
The thunder crashes.

The storm is over;
The wind dies away;
The sun peeps forth;
The sea birds play.

P. COLE, '28.

At Pre-Historic Party

Glea Cole (removing her mask): "Why don't you take off your mask, too?"

Allan Coster: "Beg pardon, but that's my face."

* * *

"Did y'a hear about 'Cal' losing his bicycle the other night for about four hours?"

"No! Tell me the gossip quick."

"Oh, Wherity borrowed it to 'cycle' to Minot."

DRAMATICS

The class of 1926 at Scituate High undertook for presentation, a delightful farce called "When a Feller Needs a Friend."

The cast, in order of their appearance, was as follows:

Tom Denker, an artist	Richard Wherity
Bob Mills, a magazine writer	Edgar Hyland
Mrs. Reese, their landlady	Anna Conant
Jerry Smith, just returned from "Over There,"	James Driscoll
Liz, Mrs. Reese's stepdaughter	Sally Murphy
"Bing" Dickson, Liz's steady	Harold Dwyer
William Denker, Tom's uncle	John Prouty
Alice King, Tom's Aunt	Hazel Eaton
Elaine Lynne, Alice King's ward	Lois Wilson
Angela Scott, Bob's fiancee	Eleanor Cole

The time was a Friday morning in November, 1919. The place was in New York City.

ELEANOR M. COLE, '26,
Dramatic Editor.

SCHOOL NOTES

Mr. Howard A. Corey of Burdett Business College of Boston spoke to the pupils of the Scituate High School several weeks ago. The subject of his address was "The Key to Success." Mr. Corey's visit each year is looked forward to eagerly by all the members of the school.

In order to obtain material for this issue of THE CHIMES a contest was held for three weeks. The first week was devoted to essays, the second to poems, and the third to short stories. The winning essays were "The Call of Spring," written by Lydia Stearns, and "High School Athletics," by Richard Wherity. "Dreams," by Helen Healy, "An Evening At Home," by Carolyn Poland, and "The Way of Life," by Katrine Schuyler were the winning stories. "The Call of the Sea," by Helen Healy; "Thoughts by a Brook," by Lois Wilson; "The Haven of Safety," by Jean Lawson; "My Ship," by Hazel Eaton; "Spring," by Priscilla Cole, and "I Wonder," by Gertrude Wherity, were the winning poems. But owing to the lack of room all material could not be printed in this issue.

One hundred and twenty-one dollars has been added to THE CHIMES Fund through a plan offered by the Crowell Publishing Company. A certain per cent of the returns from the subscriptions to the "Woman's Home Companion" and the "American Magazine" were given to the school. A contest was held and those selling the most subscriptions were

Continued on Page 33



FRESHMAN CLASS

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The Girls' basket ball team of the Scituate High School has had a very successful season under the direction of their coach, Mr. Kruyszna, who deserves much of the credit for the girls' winning all the games they did. Behind the movie star, there is always a director; similarly in basket ball or any other game, behind the players there is a coach, who is really the greatest player of the team.

Manager Tilden arranged a very satisfactory schedule for the girls, as is shown by the games played.

The team scored 181 points, playing seven games. The players were as follows: R. G., Captain Sallie Murphy; L. G., Dorothy Hammond; Center, Ethel Stonefield; S. C., Jean Lawson; Forwards, K. Murphy, R. F.; Glea Cole, L. F. Subs were Anna Consant, Gretchen Schuyler and Jane Prouty.

The games played were:

Played	Date	Participants	Score
At Scituate	Jan. 15	Norwell vs. Scituate	S. 15—N. 6
At Scituate	Jan. 22	Marshfield vs. Scituate	S. 16—M. 4
At Scituate	Jan. 29	Hanover vs. Scituate	H. 15—S. 13
At Scituate	Feb. 23	Norwell vs. Scituate	S. 17—N. 7
At Hanover	Mar. 3	Duxbury vs. Scituate	S. 36—D. 6
At Norwell	Mar. 19	Duxbury vs. Scituate	S. 46—D. 17
At Duxbury	Mar. 30	Hanover vs. Scituate	S. 29—H. 9

Much is expected from the baseball nine as it is mainly composed of veterans of last year's team.

The manager of the team is Ruth LaVange.

CATHERINE E. MURPHY,
Girls' Athletic Editor, '26.



GIRL'S BASKET BALL TEAM

BOYS' ATHLETICS

After three weeks of strenuous practicing, basket ball suits were issued to the following boys: Wherity, Driscoll, Quinn, Stanley, Prouty, Stewart, and Whittaker. Wherity was elected Captain by the letter men of '25. Two systems, the five-man defence and the three-man attack were introduced. At first the players experienced difficulty in becoming accustomed to this new style of play. The schedule which the management provided was a strenuous one. The results of the games are as follows:

Scituate	13	Norwell	25
"	37	Marshfield	10
"	5	Hanover	23
"	6	Duxbury	46
"	8	Norwell	31
"	18	Duxbury	22
"	21	Hanover	17

A serious handicap which prevailed all during the basket ball season was the shortness of substitutes. In many games five boys were required to play the whole time of forty minutes; while opposing teams put in fresh men every period.

During the latter part of the season the team played much better basket ball than in the beginning. This may be well illustrated by comparing the two Duxbury games; also the two games with Hanover High. The players seemed unable to play good basket ball on foreign floors. The services of Mr. Kruyszna in coaching are gratefully acknowledged by the members of the squad.

The baseball schedule provided by the management is as follows:

April	20	Marshfield at Scituate
"	23	Duxbury at Duxbury
"	27	Kingston at Scituate
"	30	Norwell at Scituate
May	4	Open
"	7	Cohasset at Scituate
"	11	Marshfield at Marshfield
"	14	Kingston at Kingston
"	18	Open
"	21	Norwell at Norwell
"	25	Hanover at Hanover
"	28	Duxbury at Scituate
June	1	Hanover at Scituate
"	4	Open
"	8	Open
"	11	Cohasset at Cohasset

The captain chosen by the letter men of '25 was Edgar Hyland. Under the careful eye of our coach, Mr. Kruyszna, the team is expected to make fast progress.

JOHN STEWART, '29,
Boys' Athletic Editor.



BOY'S BASKET BALL TEAM

ALUMNI NOTES

Sara G. Gillis, '03, is Mrs. Ralph E. Bray of Rockland, Mass.

Mollie A. Doherty, '10, is Mrs. William Sullivan of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Irma Jewel Cole, '10, is Mrs. Harold D. Talbot of Franklin, Mass.

Anna E. Murphy, '12, is a school teacher at Revere, Mass. Henry E. Bearce, '12, is manager of the Connor Store at North Scituate.

Madolyn E. Murphy, '14, is a librarian at Southbridge, Mass.

Edward B. McCarthy, '14, is an army officer at Honolulu, Hawaii.

James Hugh Dunn, '14, is employed as an English teacher at Lynn, Mass.

Ethel Bonney, '14, is Mrs. James H. Stacey of Windsor, Vermont.

Ethyl M. Duffy, '15, is employed as a stenographer at Scituate, Mass.

Phoebe E. Richardson, '16, is a designer for the R. H. White Company of Boston, Mass.

Alice M. Cole, '16, is employed as a teacher in Glenridge, New Jersey.

Eleanora Finnie, '16, is employed in a bank at Boston, Mass.

Marion McDermott, '16, works as a filing clerk in an insurance office in Boston.

Helen Murphy, '17, is a teacher at the Fisher Business School in Boston.

Hazel V. Ramsdell, '18, is employed as stenographer in a Boston office.

Dorothy Simpson, '18, is a music teacher in the state of New York.

Grace D. Waterman, '18, is a teacher at Wellesley, Mass.

Alice E. Webster, '19, is a dietitian at Washington.

Fred Vines, '20, is employed as a civil engineer in New York.

Ina Litchfield, '22, is proprietor of a tea room at Falmouth, Mass.

Ruth Welch, '24, is attending Thayer Academy at Braintree, Mass.

Margaret L. Cole, '25, is now Mrs. Allerton Bonney of North Scituate.

The following letter was received from an alumnus:

Woburn, Mass., Dec. 14, 1925

Miss Rose Hernan, Alumni Editor

Scituate High School

Scituate, Mass.

My dear Miss Hernan:

I am enclosing a check for one dollar for subscription to both magazines; put balance in your treasury.

It seems good to get the magazines and read them through, even though most of the names are new. Although I have not been in Scituate to stop for a long time, I do not like to feel that I have lost contact with it; and the Scituate High School helps through its publication to keep pleasant memories.

My own boy is in Woburn High taking a Technical Course preparing to go to Technology or Northeastern, and I hope in years to come his memories will be as pleasant as mine.

Holiday greetings to each and every one of you.

Cordially yours,

HERBERT B. TOTMAN.

The Board of Editors of THE CHIMES are always glad to receive communications from the members of the Alumni Association. We thank those who have contributed this year to our paper.

ROSE HERNAN, '26,
Alumni Editor.



The Exchange Department has received so far this year the following papers:

The Abhis, Abington High School.
The Climber, Howard High School.
The Wampatuck, Braintree High School.
The Castoner, North Easton High School.
The Menotomy Beacon, Arlington, Mass.
The Hanoverian, Hanover High School.
The Hermiad, Hingham High School.
The Red and Black, Whitman High School.
The Unquity Echo, Milton High School.
The Echo, Canton High School.
The Parrot, Rockland High School.
The Partridge, Partridge Academy.
The Enterprise, Roxbury High School.
The Spruce Box, Avon, Mass.
The Pilgrim, Plymouth High School.
The Huttlestonian, Fairhaven High School.

We enjoy comparing THE CHIMES with the other school papers, and shall be glad to receive a larger number of exchanges.

We are not making any comments because personal letters have been sent to the exchange editors.

MARGARET TORREY, '26,
 Exchange Editor.

SCHOOL NOTES

Continued from Page 27

awarded prizes. A prehistoric party given by the losing side to the winners was the wind-up of the affair.

The members of the High School were given a banquet by the Scituate Woman's Club on April 14. The apparent jollity of the pupils showed that they appreciated very much the hospitality so kindly extended to them.

SALLY MURPHY, '26.

JOKES

Mike Stewart: "Our team uses a style of play that is terribly hard to understand."

John Davy: "Yes, the coach told me the team used the overhead game."

* * *

Kenny: "What's th-th-that old proverb th-th-that says a rolling stone—"

L. Panetta: "Goes from pawnshop to pawnshop."

* * *

"Cal." Jenkins: "I talked with a very interesting man today. He was a Buddhist."

A. Bragdon: "Oh, I'd love to meet him—all my geraniums are wilting."

* * *

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel," remarked the Arab, as his Ford expired on the desert.

* * *

Heard In Chemistry

"Mim" Tilden (brushing Rita's shoulders): "Say, Rita, you've got Sodium Chloride on your shoulders."

Rita O'Hern: "That's not Sodium Chloride, that's dand-ruff."

* * *

Math. Teacher: "Explain, 'a whole is greater than its parts.'"

K. Haartz: "A restaurant doughnut."

* * *

Heard In Chemistry

Instructor: "How do we measure rain?"

Evans (absent mindedly): "With a thermometer."

* * *

Ed. Driscoll: "Is that phrase 'rotten bananas' poetical?"

J. Prouty: "No, that's slippery prose."

* * *

Wise: "I like to hear that professor lecture on prohibition. He brings things home to me that I have never seen before."

Crack: "That's nothing; so does the wet wash."

* * *

Chemistry teacher: "What plants give off oxygen?"

Sleepy Pupil: "Manufacturing plants."

* * *

Teacher (to late student): "Why are you so late this morning?"

Tardy Senior: "I was shaving myself and I couldn't get away until I had re-sharpened the knife."

Teacher: "Well, you had a fairly close shave."

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Friend, to motorist with flat tire, "Your shoe's flat."

Motorist, indignantly:
"Well, it's nobody's business but my own if I have got fallen arches."

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